PIETAS IN PATREM,

OR

A FEW TEARES VPON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HIS MOST DEARE, AND LOVING Father RICHARD BARLOW, late of *Langill* in *VVestmooreland*, who dyed *December* 29. Ann. 1636.

By THOMAS BARLOW *Master of Arts, Fellow of* Queenes Coll. *in* OXON. *and eldest sonne of his deceased father.*

-----Sed & lachrymæ pondera vocis habent.

1712
1637
75

OXFORD,
Printed by *VVilliam Turner*. Ann. Dom. 1637.

Τὲ Παλλαδᾶ εἰς Θάνατον.

Σάμιά, πάθος ψυχῆς, ἄδης, μοῖρ', ἄχθος, ἀνάγκη,
ἢ δῆμος πρατερὲς, ἢ κόλασις βασάνων.
ὅταν ἐξέλθῃ τὲ σώματος ὡς ἀπὸ δεσμῶν
φεύγει πρὸς θεὸν ἀθάνατον.

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89.

Vpon the lamented death of his moſt deare, and loving father *Richard Barlow*, late of *Langill* in *VVeſtmooreland*.

MY Father dead? ſtay, ſtay report, and tell
This heavy newes by parcells; ſay the bell
Toules for my deareſt father, ſay that he
Is very ſicke, yet his recovery
Is not impoſſible: pauſe here, untill
We have digeſted this; for ſo it will
Make way for more: and if it muſt be ſoe
Say then hee's dead; for by this meanes the woe
Divided may be overcome, which all
At once, might cauſe another funerall,
And kill us too. Such undivided feares
Might even overwhelme, and drowne with [redacted] teares
Us, now poore Orphans: who can onely ſay
Wee had a father. But this kinde delay
I could not have; for it was my hard fate
To heare of's death, (in this unfortunate)
Before his ſickneſſe: So that all the woe
Which I could either feare, or undergoe,
Seaſ'd mee at once; that I have cauſe to be
O'rewhelm'd with teares, and melt with Elegie.
Yet pardon this my ſorrow, thou that heares
I loſt a father, who deſerv'd the teares
Of more then's children: Such a father hee

As many wish, though few injoy: to mee
So deare and tender, that I cannot say
What gratitude requires, much lesse repay.
Well, he is gon, and in him we may see
Our humane frailty, and mortality.
Death knowes no difference; Kings and Subjects have
Their periods, and Exit in the grave.
This life's a sea wherein we all doe saile,
Some tos'd with waves, some with a gentler gale
Come calmely to the shore: some finde that sea
Which wee *Pacifique* 1 call; yet all must be
Hurri'd at last into the fatall waves
Of the dead sea 2, and so unto their graves
With teares transported. For my father he
By no untimely death, no cruelty
Came to his grave; this blessing he did find,
Where he receiv'd his breath, there he resign'd
It willingly to heaven: nor in the spring,
And morning of his life, nor withering
With too much age, but in those yeares which he
A blessing found, and not a misery.
Thus dy'd my father; nay he is not dead,
Although he be intomb'd, and buried
Deepe in the grave, so that we need not weepe,
He is but gon, and sweetly falne asleepe,
"And will againe awake: no good man dyes,
"But as the day-starre sets againe to rise.
'Tis truth; nay 'twas impossible that he
Should dye in that blest time, th' Nativity
Of life it selfe 3: no, no that was an houre,
Which put a period to all the power
Of death, and th' grave; this did my father see,
With joy of heart; and then desir'd to bee
Free'd from those troubles, and the many woes,
Which sinne begets; and then did thirst for those,
Those better joyes. And having got release

From

From all those miseries, hee went in peace
To his long long-desired home, where hee
Findes sweetest peace, and immortalitie.

Tho. Barlow.

Vpon my dreame at Oxon: which was this.

I being at Oxon: *and not knowing that my father was either dead, or sicke, neare about the time he dyed, dreamed hee was dead; and the impression was so violent, that it awoke me; and being awake, I found that, that dreamed-sorrow had caused reall teares, which had strangely wet even the pillow where my head lay.*

IT was 'ith' night, when the earth's gloomy shade
Involved had our hemisphere, and made
Deepe silence to the world; when did appeare
Those many glorious lampes, which in that spheare
Are firmely fix'd for ever, that which we
Doe justly call the worlds rich canopie.
Then in the dead of night, when sleepe did close
My weary eyes, and nature did compose
My outward limbes to rest, then did I see
Strange apparitions, and a Tragedie
In which my father acted: I did joy
To see my deare, deare father, though a toy,
A dreame did represent him. But anon
The scene was changed, and amid the throng
My father was to die: it was his fate
(As I conceiv'd) onely to personate

And act a funerall; onely to die
In ſhew, and in a ſeeming Tragedie.
But this ſoone altered, and methought I ſee
My deareſt father dead, cold dead, and wee
All mourning by him; when anon they call
Away, away, come to the funerall.
And then o'rwhelm'd with woe, a thouſand feares
And griefes poſſeſſe my troubled ſoule, and teares
Guſh from my ſleeping eyes; not onely dream'd
And phanſi'd teares, but reall; ſuch as ſtream'd
From true, not fained ſorrow; though to me
The ground was onely dreame, and phantaſie.
All this I dream'd, and neare about that day,
Wherein my father entered on his way
To bleſſ'd *Elyſium*; where for ever he
Findes ſweeteſt peace, and immortalitie.
Say now profound Philoſopher, and you
That ferret natures myſteries; ſay how
It was but poſſible my fathers fall
Should ſo poſſeſſe my ſoule; how's funerall
Should cauſe ſuch violence of griefe in me,
Who neither heard, nor ſaw his obſequie?
Can things at ſuch a diſtance move? can feares
Ariſe from unknowne danger? or can teares
Such reall teares ſpring from a cauſe ſo ſmall
As bare imagination? can all
Your ſpeculations this knot unty
And give a cauſe from true Philoſophy?
Or waſ't from higher cauſe, thoſe powers divine,
Which rule the univerſe, who doe untwine
The thread of life they viſted? waſ't that I
Might really partake in Elegie
And teares, as well as loſſe? waſ't to fulfill
(At leaſt in part) my dying fathers will;
Who often wiſh'd me there? for thus my heart
Was preſent at his grave, and bore a part,

In that ſad funerall? no, no, ſo high
Wee need not goe, as ſacred extaſie,
Or any raptures, to unfold a cauſe
Of this dream'd-reall ſorrow, when the lawes
Of nature will affoord one: we doe ſee,
In well affected bodies, th' miſery
Of any part affects the whole; we know,
In trees the high'ſt part ſuffers, if below
The root be periſhed; when any paine
Torments our head, how ſuddenly each veine
Each part partakes in ſorrow, 'cauſe from thence
As from a fountaine comes that influence
Which animates the whole. And can hee die
Which gave me life, and beeing, and yet I
Be unaffected ſtill? unleſſe from thence
I have a poſt, or ſome intelligence
To ſay he's dead? oh no, it was in mee
Natures juſt law, and inbred ſympathie,
Anticipating knowledge, cauſ'd thoſe teares
Which did not come from knowne, though reall feares.

Tho: Barlow.

To his moſt loving Brother *R. Barlow* upon his Fathers death.

YOur father's gone, and you are left behinde
Heire of his fortunes, may you of his minde,
And vertues too be heire; that men may ſee
Him ſtill alive in his poſterity.
For while the branches ſpring, while they doe thrive,
And flouriſh, we doe know the root's alive,
From whence they ſpring; although perhaps it be
Deepely incloſed in the earth: ſo we

Who

Who have our father loſt, and in the grave
Incloſed him with ſorrow; yet wee have
This happy conſolation, that he
Cannot be wholly dead, while's progenie
Survives in health: oh may thoſe branches ſmall
Which yet remaine after his funerall,
Be evidence hee lives! hee lives! may hee
Bleſt in himſelfe, be ſo in's progeny.

Tho: Barlow.

Apoſtrophe ad Patrem defunctum.

REſt, reſt bleſſ'd ſoule in happineſſe, and be
Secur'd from troubles, which mortalitie
In this fraile life doth undergoe: thy minde
Shall thoſe ſweet joyes, and ſpeculations finde
Which doe tranſcend expreſſion: thou ſhalt know
And feele that happineſſe, which we below
Cannot conceive: Ther's that *Elyſian* grove
Where crown'd with joyes, and honour, thou maiſt rove
With Kings, and Emperors for ever: there
No awfull diſtance is obſerved, where
Even all are Kings. Can any one be bound,
To bow to others, whereas all are crown'd
Heires of a Kingdome, where the ſubjects be
Borne unto diadems, and majeſtie
Imperiall; there even thouſands, all
Are firſt borne to a Monarchy; and ſhall
Each one inherite all; ſtrange tenure here,
And ſuch a Gavel-kind, as other where
Is quite impoſſible: heires all ſhall bee,
Yet no diviſion, no poſterity
Shall e're ſucceed unto themſelves, but they
Shall be immortall, and for ever ſtay

Eternall

Eternall heires of that bleſt land; no wave
Shall their calme ſea inrage; no, they ſhall have
A gentle gale; no dusky cloud their ſpheare
Shall e're o'recaſt, there heaven ſhall be cleare
For ever: to them that bleſt Sun ſhall be
Cauſe of perpetuall ſerenity.
Say now poore ſoule, who art affraid to die,
And tread this way to immortality,
And happineſſe; ſay, ſay, who would not have
A ſpeedy funerall, and wiſh a grave
Where he might ſleepe? for death doth not annoy,
But is the happy preface to our joy.
This way's my father gone; upon the ſhore
Of that bleſt *Canaan* now, where he no more
Shall any teares or troubles finde; but be
Perpetuall heire of true felicitie.
Sleepe then bleſt ſoule, I will not wrong thee ſoe,
As wiſh thee here againe with us in woe.
Injoy that bliſſe, which we with weary minde
And watery eyes may ſeeke, but ne'r ſhall finde,
Doe what we can, nor may we hope, till wee
Diſmiſſ'd from earth doe come to heaven, and thee.

Tho: Barlow.

To his worthy friend Mr *Thomas Barlow*, ſonne of the truly pious and lately deceaſed *Richard Barlow*.

ON whom ſhall I theſe blubbered lines beſtow,
But you good Sir, where ſuch reſpect I owe?
And on you chiefly, for your ſecret woe
The burthen of our griefe doth undergoe.

We but as ſtrangers on the ſhore lament
A common ſhipwracke; you that veſſell rent,
To whom ſuch love and dutie you did owe,
What wonder if your griefes doe overflow?
But ſpare your teares, though you have cauſe to mone,
Yet to perſiſt in ſorrow you have none.
You ſee beneath the circuit of the ſunne,
All that's made beſt is inſtantly undone.
Perhaps the greater is your happineſſe,
Becauſe to you it ſeemeth to be leſſe.
It's ill to be too well, eaſe is diſeaſe,
And deadly too, in parts that death doth ſeize.
Then when in any part of us we joy
More then we ſhould; leſt that might us deſtroy,
Heav'n takes it quickly off (as 'twere by ſtealth)
And by the want ſupplies our want of health.
Wipe off thoſe teares, ſing Hallelujahs rather,
Greive that you loſt, joy that ſo good, a father.
So good ſaid I? ſtay muſe and that rehearſe,
Here is a ſubject fitting for thy verſe.
Too good for us, with graces ſo inſpir'd,
Such heavenly mould the Angels long deſir'd,
And therefore they ſo quickly did tranſport
His Saint-like ſoule, to their celeſtiall Court.
There was no copper in this minerall,
Not counterfeit, nor hypocriticall;
With friends or ſtrangers he uſ'd no diſguiſe.
His words, his thoughts, his deeds did ſymbolize.
No harder iron did his temper marre,
Malice to none, no envie, hatred, jarre.
Friendly he was, ſoft, milde to all; and more
Unkind unto himſelfe, then to the poore.
So juſt, ſo wiſe, ſupright in every thing,
As ſtopt the venome of foule envies ſting.
A husband deare, a father tender, kinde,
Though not in gifts, yet in a bounteous minde

Exceeding moſt, nay all of his eſtate,
A patterne moſt compleat to imitate
For parents all, who uſually beſtow
To children that can drive the cart and plow,
More then to thoſe that ſet themſelves apart,
By ſtudy for to gaine ſome liberall art;
More to thoſe that feed ſheep, or hew a blocke,
Then thoſe that labour for to feed Chriſts flocke.
No diſpoſition ſuch in this rare piece,
Not land, nor corne was ſpar'd, not oxe, nor fleece,
Nor other thing; whereby he might advance
His ſonnes unto a learn'd inheritance.
Heav'n with ſucceſſe hath bleſt his care; the ſame
Your ſelfe, though ſilent, doe aloud proclaime.
With Saints above he liveth bleſſed now,
Below in vertuous deedes, in's fame, in you.

Mathew Wilkinſon, Artium Magiſt.
è *Coll. Regin.*

Vpon the death of his deare and very loving Vnkle, *Rich: Barlow.*

I Cannot weepe in verſe: one thought of thee
(Deare friend) put's mee quite paſt all Poetrie:
That language ſuites not well with griefe; our eryes
Flow not (me thinkes) from pens, ſo well, as eyes.
No ſooner is one word writ, but on it
Downe fall's a teare, and drownes thy name halfe-writ.
Let ſuch as ne'r did know thee, or thy worth,
Goe make themſelves knowne thus, and copy forth
Their owne names to their Reader, who may ſee
Their nimble wit, and riming faculty:
Such merry toyes they beſt know to bequeath,

Who have no cauſe to ſorrow for thy death.
Here then my dumbe-ſtrucke muſe begg's ſilence; ſhee
For want of wordes, thus weepes an Elegie.
[*Hee's dead.*] Nay ſay not ſo; oh doe not wound
Our eares with that ſad tale: that killing ſound
Muſt by degrees ſinke gently into our hearts:
Speake it not all at once: let's have't by parts,
Say hee's not well: ſtop there; let us firſt trye
To heare the Prologue, then the Tragedy:
Tell us not yet, [*hee's dead:*] or if hee bee,
Tell't in a whiſper, or uncertaintie:
Wee'l not beleeve it elſe: wee needes muſt ſticke
To thinke him dead, till firſt wee heare hee's ſicke.
Oh! but it is too true; onely wee doe
Faigne the report falſe, 'cauſe we wiſh it ſoe.
It was thy pious policy, to ſteale
A cloſe departure; Leaſt our prayers and zeale
Might have prevail'd with heaven; and ſo have gain'd
Thy terme of dayes inlarg'd; and thee detain'd
From bliſſe: thus thus our too too, officious tongue
Out of fond kindneſſe might have done thee wrong.
Let us then chide thy goodneſſe: this was it
Tooke thee from us: hadſt thou not beene more fit
For that celeſtiall Quire of Angels, then
The further company of ſinfull men,
Thou hadſt alas——. Alas my mazed woe
Begin's againe to wiſh thee here below.
Nay reſt, (bleſt ſoule) 'twill be the better way,
That wee ſtrive to come to thee, and thou ſtay:
Herein thy death us benefit's, that wee
Now long the more for heaven to be with thee.

Tho: Smith Artium Bac. & *Coll. Reginæ Oxon: Alumnus.*

To the ſad memory of his late deceaſed deare father, *Richard Barlow*.

WHere ſhall I firſt begin? or, if I lend
My griefe a tongue, where ſhall I make an end?
Mee-thinkes thoſe farewell-teares, which lately I
Spy'd trickling from your eyes, teach mee to cry;
Mee-thinkes even that laſt bleſſing which you gave,
Seem's a curſe, 'cauſe the laſt that I muſt have.
Had I beene preſent, when your feaver came,
And burning fits, my teares had quench't that flame;
Had I beene preſent——. Oh let mee here pauſe
T' expoſtulate: tell me, what was the cauſe
That * then I was diſmiſs'd? was it that I
Might practice here to write an Elegie?
To pen your Epitaph? nay, was't not rather
'Cauſe thus you would provide me of a father?
Oh but ſuch tokens of your providence,
Whiles they ſhould cure my wound, renew the ſenſe.
Griefe ſtrikes me dumbe: for want of wordes and art,
I'le teach my eyes to ſpeake the other part.

George Barlow youngeſt ſonne of his deceaſed father.

Vpon the much lamented death of R. B.

HEE's dead! and muſt we therefore grieve and mourne?
'Twere to repine that ever he was borne.
When weake old age doth gently fall aſleepe,
'Tis foule ingratitude to cry and weepe.
Let tender wither'd plants deſerve our teares;
Which dead our forward hopes of fruitfull yeares:

Which

Which quickly taken off, and onely knowne,
Are in a minute lopt, as ſoone as ſhowne.
Here 'tis not ſo; full diſtance ſure and meete
His ſwathings ſunders from his winding ſheete.
Oh not on thy deare hearſe, or thy freſh duſt,
Powre we theſe teares! As if here death unjuſt
Had wrong'd thee, in exalting thee; and bin
Unmercifull, that from theſe times of ſin
Hath free'd thy longing ſoule. Alas wee know
'Twas time for thee, for heaven long agoe.
'Tis for our ſakes we weepe; for whom God ſtay'd
And held thy ſoule off; and this burden lay'd
Of a long life upon thee, that ſo wee
Might by thy ſtay be drawne for companie,
That now are puniſht in thy bliſſe, and ſee
Gods wrath to us in being good to thee.
To us thou ſtill dyeſt young, and this thy flight
Seemes earely taken, though not ta'ne till night.
To our deſires alas! what's one ſhort ſpan
Whole natures date, for want of thee good man?
Whom many dayes and yeares, yea no time could
Make tedious to us; whom no age make old.
But is he dead then? true, nay falſe it is,
He did not dye, that in eternall bliſſe
For life of comfort, chang'd but lifes annoy,
And thus he dyed, and thus he lives in joy.
Hee dyed in ſhew then; but yet lives indeed
In heaven, and hearts of good men. Dy'd, to ſpeed
Of glory here: and in that ſurer place
To weare a crowne of ever living grace.
Then dye hee never can while vertue lives,
For He and She are ſtill correlatives.

Sic deflevit *Thomas Cleburne, Art. Bac. Coll. Reg. Alumnus.*

Vpon the much lamented death of the truly religious *Richard Barlow*.

IS't you most dreadfull powers, ye sisters three,
That doe unlace each mortall arterie?
That shiver sinewes, rending every veine,
Divorcing soule and body, cut in twaine
This Microcosme? yea; brag not tho; one can
Rebuild (ô blisse) that curious frame of man,
And raise from out our common mothers lap,
Our drowsie corps, after a winters nap.
Let's wade with pen, or in a watrish ray,
Or at least sigh a word, he's dead; the day
Is shut up in a shade, whose brightest beames
Did shine on many, hence now flow these streames
Of brackish water to put out our light,
And spreades the curtaines of the darkesome night,
Let's rest content; he heavenly joyes doth gaine.
He liv'd to dye, and dy'd to live againe:
Farewell (blest Saint) crown'd with eternall fame,
Though rapt by death; wee'l honour still thy name.

Lancelot Dawes. Coll. Reginæ *Alumnus.*

An Elegie upon the lamented death of *Richard Barlow*, late of *Langill* in *VVestmooreland*.

WHat? have not yet your daily cryes
Melted the cloudes, and caus'd the skyes,

To

To beare a ſympathie? hard rockes would ſplit
To ſmalleſt aromes, hearing us
To ſing our dolefull *mittimus*.
When vertue for a crowne, a tombe doth get.
But 'tis not ſighs will ſerve the turne,
Come, pay thy rites unto an urne
Sad muſe: let eccho tell each wall,
Hee clipt thy wings, nor bluſh to heare
That heaven lyes above thy ſpheare.
'Twill prove a prejudice to riſe, then fall.
Sleepe on (bleſt ſoule) eternitie
Shall ſtraine thy ſweeteſt lullabie:
Let envie, with her brood neere ceaſe to fret,
Triumph in peace: no gnawing care
Can with ſuch glory beare a ſhare;
Looke downe (and laugh) how farre above thou'rt ſet.
Mee-thinkes I view the wreathes of bay,
Thy endleſſe conqueſt to diſplay,
And how thoſe dazling coronets fit a head
So well deſerving: but----I faile
To lend thy name a ſwifter gale
For (what needes more?) thou liv'ſt for ever, dead.

Another, that he died a little after *Chriſtmaſſe-day.*

WHen *Simeon* ſaw his Saviour, hee cryes
Lord, 'tis enough, ſhut up my weary eyes:
When our (late) *Simeon* got a fuller view
Of his tranſcendent light, hee bade, adiew.

Amoris & officii ergò,

Tho: Tullius. *Coll. Reg. Alumnus.*

Upon

Vpon the lamented death of *Richard Barlow*, late of *Langill* in *VVestmooreland*, who dyed *December* 29. 1636. his sicknes beginning with a cold, and shortly after he, and it ending with a fever.

WIthin the bowels of this sacred earth
Lyes one, as of no high, so no vile birth.
His fortunes like to vertue, kept the meane,
Not puff'd with this, nor pinch'd with that extreame.
When he in peace had threescore yeares drawne breath,
(Belov'd as farre as knowne) nature, not death
With solemne joy ceas'd on him as a price,
Glad she for heaven had such a sacrifice.
Flames are to others tortures, but they come
To him as triumph, or a martyrdome.
He (like *Elias*) round begirt with fire,
Ascended heaven; flames must needs aspire.
His fever had not heat from surfet, passion,
Or lust, the three inflamers now in fashion,
But (as the pureſt fire the *Chimicks* hold
Is forc'd from ice) was kindled with a cold.
Had it beene rage of common heat, no doubt
But his deare childrens teares had put it out.
Although he doe in sixe * faire Emblems stand
Transcrib'd to future ages: yet this land
(The heat of his death generating) shall
See that he multiplyed at's funerall;
The good example of his life and fate
Shall happ'ly all the vertues propagate.

L. N.

To the Reader.

I Am no Poët, nor ever sent I verse
Unto the presse; this onely to the herse
Of my deare father; not to shew my skill
Or veine in Poëtry, but t'expresse a will
Prone to my fathers honour, though to me,
Nothing redound, but shame, and infamy.
I feare no censure; nay, some may approve
If not my slender Poetry, my love
To my deare father: whom the muses shall
Preserve alive, in spite of's funerall,
And all deaths cruelty: by them shall he
Live in the hearts, and deerest memo[ry]
Of all his friends; this blessing he[aven] shall have
To free him from forgetfulnesse, and th' grave.

Sic flevit THOMAS BARROW *charissimi Patris defuncti filius ætate, & dolore maximus.*

FINIS.